A DOCTOR IN PEACE AND WAR

Memoirs of Dr Forde Cayley

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Edited and published,
with a supplementary memoir,
by his son,
Michael Cayley

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Forde and Eileen Cayley
on their wedding day

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Childhood

I was born on All Saints Day, November 1st, 1915 in the small hours. I must have been a beautiful baby as my sister Frances[1], when shown the new arrival next morning, said "Put him in a cupboard and shut him up". My place of birth was Ealing, then in Middlesex.[2]

The First World War had been on for a year. My family consisted of my father, Osbert Arthur Cayley[3], a solicitor, who was turned down for military service when conscription was introduced as he was so thin; my mother, Dorothy Lewis[4], who rolled bandages at the King Edward's Memorial Hospital, Ealing, and served on the Ladies Linen League; my sister aged three; and our maid of all work, Mary, a treasure, who was the sister of a local policeman who found her this position with us, and who was paid £30 a year. My elder brother had been born with hydrocephalus and had had to be destroyed.

Opposite us lived my grandmother[5], and great aunts Eleanor and Georgie[6] with their treasure Emma. They had seen better days. In their front room, which was never used, they had elegant

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[1] Frances Dorothy Cayley, born 23 December 1912. She lived away from home for a year or two in early adulthood, in central London, where she says she lived a giddy life, before returning to the family home. She trained as a physiotherapist. On 23 August 1941 she married Sydney Yates.

[2] The family home was 33 Kenilworth Road, Ealing.

[3] 15 June 1869 – 18 August 1947. He was born at Abbey Court, Chester, the home of his grandparents the Rev. Frederick Forde and Ann née Twemlow. In 1910 he married his distant cousin, Dorothy Lewis. As a solicitor, among others he acted for the Crown Colonies, especially Ceylon. He died at 28 Kenilworth Road, Ealing.

[4] 10 October 1881 – 25 July 1942.

[5] Caroline Ada Forde (11 May 1846 – 13 April 1927)

[6] Eleanor Anne Bulley, née Forde (14 Jan 1845 – 27 July 1928) and Georgiana Mary Forde (25 July 1849 – 1923)

furniture. My grandfather[7], also a solicitor, had been declared bankrupt when his managing clerk went off with the clients' funds. So my father had a terrible memory of a night when by law everything was taken away except the bedstead, and he had to sleep under newspapers until the "extended family" came to the rescue. This left him with a fear that the same fate would befall him, so he never took a partner, and when the recessions came in 1926, 1929 and 1931 he was full of gloom.

Household management was very different in those days. The rooms were lit by gas, there was no telephone. In the bedrooms washing water was taken up in jugs and the dirty water taken away in slop pails. When coal was scarce a fire was lit under the copper and water boiled for a slipper bath in the kitchen and the weekly wash was done. Coal cost 30 shillings a ton, and came in a horse-drawn cart, in sacks. There were coal fires and a range in the kitchen.

Due to the war eggs were scarce, so my father had the family egg every day and my sister and I had a spoonful of the yoke to supplement our bread and milk. Milk came by the handcart and was ladled into jugs from a large copper urn.

My father used to leave the house at 9 o'clock every day to get to the office in Bedford Row on the Central Line. Each carriage had a platform at each end with a guard who rang a melodious bell before shutting the gate when the train was due to start. He had a bowler hat and a rolled umbrella. He ate the same lunch at the same restaurant, sitting at the same seat, served by the same waitress. He always wore the same suit, made by the same tailor. His old suit went to his clerk, Mr Carey, whose wife ran a newspaper shop near the Elephant and Castle. They had to pay protection money to the Elephant Boys or their shop windows would have been broken. My father used to go to the docks when a convoy came to buy some meat and eggs.

On Sundays we were taken to St Saviour's Church in the Grove, which was destroyed by bombs in the Second World War. It was high, with incense, processions and banners. We sat at the

[7] Arthur Cayley (16 April 1840 – 10 April 1905)

back in case we made a noise, with the epileptics, and were taken out after antecommunion. The grannies used to collect money for their missionary boxes. We went to them over the road on Sunday afternoons. They played the piano and we sang songs. Cards were forbidden and we read a special magazine called "Sunday and Every Day". The chair legs were encased in cretonne in case they gave one ideas. When we were older we played lotto, backgammon and draughts. As the war progressed the Zeppelins started bombing and I remember hiding under the kitchen table with the bangs going off. We were taken to Heath End to get away, and, sailing my boat in a gravel pit, I fell in and had to be fished out.

In those days when you went away you walked to the station and came back with a four-wheeler or handsome, hansom-cab, went to the house in it, loaded it up with trunks and hatboxes and the family, and off to catch the train. A porter took charge, labelled the luggage with the station where it was to be offloaded, and put it in the guard's van.

We went every year to my grandfather's house, at Burnham on Sea. He lived with our aunt "Tommie" who had been in the Fannies[8] attached to the French army driving ambulances up to the front line and had been awarded the Croix du Guerre. She had become the mistress of a Belgian Count and a morphia addict. My grandfather[9] had been an army chaplain in India, mostly in Quetta: he was out there for 30 years. He probably went there round the Cape and came back through the Suez Canal. He survived the great earthquake. The house was full of Indian curios and furniture and his collection of butterflies and birds eggs. When his children needed education, his wife and three daughters were sent back home, so he became a mason and eventually a Grand Master as a way of spending the evening. They had two maids, Yard and Shire.

At Burnham there were donkey rides, and the Pierrots who

[8] Female Ambulance Nursing Yeomanry

[9] The Rev George Herbert Lewis, whose wife Frances Cayley de Wend had died in 1919.

sang “Where do the flies go in the winter time?” Picnics to Brent Knoll and Brean Down. A long trip to Cheddar Caves. The Puzzle Gardens, which was a maze, since demolished. We had to change trains at Highbridge on to the Somerset and Dorset Light Railway, nicknamed the “slow and dirty”. We were met at the station by auld Garge, who ran a coach.

Travelling on the Great Western Railway from Paddington to Highbridge, we passed through rural England and could see the wheat being harvested, often by hand, and tied into stooks; some more modern farms had traction engines. There were posters advertising Carters Little Liver Pills, Iron Jelloids, and Halls Paints.

Looking from Burnham across the Bristol Channel, we could see the large sailing ships coming in to port from the oceans of the world.

At Berrow lived my uncle Keith and aunt Mildred[10] and their children Carol[11] and George[12]. Uncle Keith’s father had emigrated to Canada in the pioneering days and had built the ranch house from local timber. My aunt had trained as a midwife, married my uncle and brought him back to England, where they built first a wooden house and later a brick one in the construction of which I helped with the brick laying. He played tennis for Somerset and coached youngsters and became a Physical Culture expert.[13] He took beautiful photographs, some of them in the nude. When I was old enough my mother taught me to play golf on the ladies course.

In Somerset at that time the houses were lit by oil or Tilley lamps and we took candles to bed.

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[10] Ernest Keith Gaskell, who married Mildred Lewis, daughter of the Rev George Herbert Lewis and Francis Cayley Lewis (née de Wend) in March 1915.

[11] Frances Mary Caroline Gaskell, born 1 March 1916.

[12] William George Keith Gaskell, born 17 November 1917.

[13] He also built and repaired large clocks, and coached tennis into his seventies. He ascribed his fitness to drinking half a bottle of whisky a day. He could improvise for long periods on the piano but could not read printed music.

Back in Ealing the lighting gradually improved. The gas flares on the landing were replaced by mantles, and in the thirties by electric, the phone was installed, and my father built his first crystal wireless set, swearing when he pinched his finger, so we listened to 2LO with headphones using a very high aerial in the back garden. Cars slowly replaced horse-drawn vehicles and we no longer went into the garden when an aeroplane or airship went over.

When we were small, my sister and I went to a variety of schools.[14] First to a Kindergarten run by two nuns, Sister Mary and Sister Agnes, from St Saviour's in a church hall near Walpole Park. Then we graduated to St Michael's in a church hall the other side of the Broadway halfway up the hill, then to St Helena's College Preparatory School where there was a giant's stride. We then separated, my sister to Princess Helena's College and then Harvington, and myself to Durston House which was run by old Ben Pierce and a Mr Miller. We were started on Latin and of course French which my mother had already tried to start us off on. We went to Miss Bedford's Dancing Classes and learnt the polka, and to Miss Davies' Music School on Addison Road near Olympia where we met the daughters of Sir Henry Wood[15].

In the Christmas holidays we were taken to the pantomime in Bertram Mills Circus at Olympia or Maskelyn and Devant's conjuring show at the Queen's Hall near the present BBC.

For a summer holiday we went to Belstone on Dartmoor, staying in a farmhouse. They had a lot of superstitions. You should only cut your hair at the full of the moon. If you went near the tor at night the little people, the pixies, would get you. We tried horse riding, but the horse took charge. We watched the

[14] Forde Cayley's sister, Frances, says that he was left-handed but was educated out of it. This might account in part for his always indecipherable handwriting (there were occasions when even pharmacists – used to doctors' writing – could not decipher prescriptions he had made out), although this is generally symptomatic of the medical profession, and his doctor son, Charles, has equally bad handwriting.

[15] The famous conductor.

farmer's wife making butter in the churn and patting it into shape, and the cows being milked.

At school we started to play proper games, and the first hard cricket ball ever bowled to me hit me in the eye and knocked me out, so I never liked the game.

Due to a couple of legacies and some successful Privy Council appeals from Ceylon, the family fortunes improved and I was despatched to a preparatory school at Hindhead where my cousin Ivo Bulley, later to become headmaster, taught[16]. Though tough with a certain amount of bullying, it provided a wonderful education, both formal and informal. In Greek the upper fourth form reached Aristophanes' *The Frogs*. There was a Literary Society presided over by Miss Winifred Morgan-Brown, one of the senior headmaster's daughters, and all the games - soccer, rugger, cricket, hockey, fives and a nine hole golf course – though I was never any good at them. There was a swimming bath, a boating pond and a rifle range. We had cubs and scouts and went to camp once a year near Frensham Pond, getting our gear there with the trek cart. On Michaelmas Day we were taken by coach to the South Downs to pick blackberries for jam. When the weather was bad we walked to the Punch Bowl or to Waggoners Wells. Occasionally I and other boys helped fight heath fires. And we helped to clear the land for the school's nine-hole golfcourse.

My sister and I spent some holidays with the Bulleys at Hindhead, but my father was able to afford some holidays in Switzerland. We went to Chamonix, the Sustenpass Arolla, and Bel Arp and Grindlewald. This was an attempt by my father to continue two generations of mountaineering. When he was twenty he was thought to have tuberculosis and worked as a cashier at Cannes and spent his holidays in Switzerland where he achieved a high state of proficiency in mountaineering. In the family album are pictures of my grandmother in her long skirt at

[16] For fuller information on St Edmund's and on the Bulley and Morgan-Brown families, see *Willing to School: a History of St Edmund's, Hindhead* by Bernard Palmer, published by the Governing Body of the St Edmund's School Trust, 2000.

the top of various mountains.

To get to some of these resorts you had to walk about twenty miles from the railhead while your luggage came up on muleback or by porters. About the highest we got was the Giglistock, a small mountain near Stein in the Sustenpass.

In 1926 the general strike took place and we watched the TUC meetings on Ealing Common and the scuffles that took place when a tram went by manned by volunteers guarded by special constables.

During the nineteen-thirties, in spite of unemployment the use of electricity as a form of light and power became widespread. Motorcars started to be mass-produced, and aeroplanes looked promising as a form of transport - and, unfortunately, as a means of mass destruction in war. The dictators became more powerful. The 1931 crash on Wall Street once more reduced our standard of living, but I was fortunate enough to get an Exhibition at Cheltenham College, later increased to a scholarship. My grandfather Arthur Cayley had been a founder pupil. Britain still had an empire, and young men sought a career in the colonies and India. With a strong military and engineering side, Cheltenham had this aim very much in mind.

Because of my classical education at St Edmunds I was steered into the Classical side and reached the upper VIth, doing Homer under a master who was nicknamed the "boring beetle", but family accounts of my great-uncle[17] who had been a consultant physician at the Middlesex Hospital made me change to the Science side. Cheltenham was a tough school, and besides the usual games at which I was useless[18], and the form work, there was a compulsory Officers Training Corps. We were taught rifle drill and the Lewis gun. There were multischool field days with mock air attacks in which we would cover about ten miles of ground. One was in a heavy snow storm. Breaking the rules was punished by six of the best administered by the prefects, or for

[17] Dr William Cayley (14 Dec 1836 – 17 Dec 1916)

[18] A characteristic inherited by both Forde Cayley's sons.

more serious offences by the housemaster.

One bought a box full of jampots to supplement the very plain fare. As I had very little money I could rarely go to the tuckshop. Early baths were at 7 a.m., and games were played every day but were followed by lessons except on half-holidays. One had about two hours' prep. Being a scholar, I was excused fagging for the prefects. This consisted of polishing the boots and buttons and blancoing the webbing on the OTC uniform, and cleaning the studies. We had chapel twice a day, and communion three times on Sundays. Ascension Day was a whole holiday and we would ride off into the country and get a glass of shandy at a pub, which seemed very daring. After two years I got a study to myself, was allowed a bicycle, and could take up rowing at Tewkesbury, which was fun.

In the summer holidays the OTC[19] went to camp at Tidworth where their physique was tested to the utmost by route marches, manoeuvres and rifle shooting. Luckily the time I should have gone I was ill, as the boys in the tent were all beaten next term for indulging in mutual masturbation. The term before I got to my house the prefect had been caught in the servants' bedrooms, various girl hangers on were caught and sent to a reformatory, and boys were expelled for homosexual acts. Most of us were content to give the glad eye to the crocodiles of the Ladies College when we passed them, and to pull their pigtails at the theatre when they sat in front of us at a Shakespeare play.

In the holidays I rode on my bicycle to Ruislip, Pinner and Elstree, then in the country with very few cars, invited school friends from the country and showed them London, and in turn was asked to stay with them, and visited the ones who lived in London: among them was Francis Russell Flint who used to hide behind the curtains while his father[20] was painting a model.

We had summer holidays at West Mersea where we hired a boat for 30/- a week and explored the Blackwater. I had a

[19] Officer Training Corps.

[20] The artist Sir William Russell Flint (1880-1969). Francis Russell Flint also became a painter.

wonderful holiday at St Asaph where my cousins, who were grandchildren of the Archbishop and were all at St Edmunds, lived. I caught a salmon trout in the Bishop's Water on the Elwy; there were tennis tournaments at Denbigh, cubbing, otter hunting, village cricket, and a treasure hunt on bicycles.[21]

My sister had been sent to a boarding school at the Vyne[22] in Hampshire. There she met the landed gentry who invited her to stay at their country houses. She was a bit overawed when the butler asked her for her keys and said "Have you brought your lady's maid?" At dinner pills were handed round by the butler on a silver salver.

In the winter cousins came in for bridge or we went to Notting Hill Gate to play vingt-et-un with the family of a girl we had met at West Mersea. He was a Christian Science practitioner. The phone would go and he would disappear upstairs to give absent treatment to a titled woman. She later died and left him a lot of money. The relatives sued him for undue influence and he was sentenced to imprisonment for being a charlatan.

One of my cousins, a retired admiral[23], had become a Christian Science reader at Victoria so we went to hear him and heard a girl testify that she had been saved from drowning and a man who looked ghastly and kept coughing all the time and said he had been cured of tuberculosis. We didn't believe him.

[21] It was presumably during one of his summer holidays while he was in the sixth form at Cheltenham that he helped out briefly at the offices of his solicitor father. According to his wife, he caused such chaos with the paperwork that his father swore never again to invite him to help out.

[22] Now owned by the National Trust.

[23] Henry Priaulx Cayley, 29 Dec 1877 – 31 Dec 1942.

Medical Training

My sister started to train as a physiotherapist at the Middlesex Hospital, and shortly after I went there as a medical student. As the standard of biology at Cheltenham at that time was not considered good enough, I had to do my 1st MB, which was a good thing as I was very immature. Luckily I was given a leaving scholarship.

The first two years at medical school were just like being at a day school. I tried to live on my 10/- a week allowance, and played rugger and rowed and sailed with the United Hospitals Sailing Club at Burnham on Crouch where we slept on the Barge Harry. I had a good breakfast and supper at home but my lunch consisted of fried egg on fried bread for 3d. I had to go without tea.

The students from the country lived in digs. One lived with a night club hostess who had been an extra in Ben Lyons' film "Hell's Angels". She needed two bottles of Rye Highballs to keep her going: all that happened was that her eyes got a bit red as the evening wore on.

The first year at medical school we did chemistry, physics and biology, followed by the 1st MB examination. The second year we did anatomy and physiology followed by the 2nd MB. The anatomy room was a foul smelly place reeking of formalin. Those that smoked used to light their pipes to try and drown the smell. We did each part in turn, upper limb, lower limb, thorax, abdomen, head and neck. The physiology professor was Sampson Wright who was a very inspiring teacher.

Every year there was a grand dinner and ball at the Dorchester for 30/- and a cheaper one at Covent Garden for 5/-. Then there was the smoking concert held at the Scala Theatre where famous artistes gave their services free to raise money to keep the hospital going, and there were flag days when students hired a barrel organ and took it down Bond Street, where they found the high class tarts the best givers.

After rugger we would go to Archers in Swallow St for a steak and kidney pudding dinner. We had a kitty to pay for the beer and sang rugger songs in an upper room. One of the best singers was knighted later in life when he had achieved respectability and high professional standing. Then there was the Nautical, an evening club in a basement in Wardour Street where a three piece band played to the dancers.

Among our fellow students were refugee German Jews who showed us pictures of their compatriots being beaten up, which made one realise that another war was coming, so I joined the senior OTC. This meant summer camps at Eastbourne, Shorncliffe, Sandown Isle Of Wight, and Swanage - a free holiday. We were not very well disciplined but I learnt a lot about wounds and casualties and rose to the rank of sergeant. In the evening we went to dance halls.

I was introduced to my wife-to-be, Eileen Lilian Dalton[24], by a cousin[25] and used to go to their house in Chelsea on Sundays for tea. My future mother-in-law was a very good hostess[26]. Someone played the piano, and we sang the music hall songs.

A cousin and I had a holiday in Warwickshire on a farm: we scythed nettles and I helped milk the cows, by hand in those days. The farmer we stayed with had two daughters, who invited us to their sherry parties at Earl's Court. Sir Oswald Mosley[27] had a rally at Banbury to which we were taken and I asked what he would do to the people who disagreed with him when he came into power. The answer was that nobody would disagree with him. The onlookers cried "Good lad!" My cousin[28] was in the

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[24] 9 May 1916 – 12 October 1997. Her father Arthur Claude Dalton was principal clerk at the Law Courts in the Strand, central London.

[25] Richard Cayley. Probably Richard Wilkins Cayley, like Forde Cayley a great-grandson of Edward Cayley and Frances Twopeny.

[26] Ada Lavinia Dalton (née Dowling). Between the wars she hosted a salon at her home of 24 Ormonde Gate, Chelsea. Among others the composer Roger Quilter used to attend this, and he gave Eileen Dalton some autographed music of his as a wedding present.

[27] Leader of the British fascist movement.

[28] John Bullock.

Palestine police and the marines, but had become unemployed and the blackshirts[29] gave him a uniform and an allowance and took him on Saturdays armed with knuckledusters for a punch-up with the communists in the Ridley Road, Dalston.

Ward work started after two years and one had less time off and not much in the way of holidays as one wanted to get as much experience as possible. There were medical and surgical ward rounds, taking blood, stitching cut heads in casualty and removing sebaceous cysts, giving anaesthetics (which was like going off the deep end), delivering babies both at the Middlesex and St Mary Abbot's Hospital and on the district. Anaesthetics were still largely given by rag and bottle methods, though the more modern anaesthetists used a Clovers apparatus or a Boyles. One used to test the concentration of the ether by breathing the gases oneself. Blood transfusion was only just coming in as a regular procedure: most of the drip apparatus had been invented by the RMO Dr Hugh Marriot[30].

On the medical wards there were no antibiotics and I was the first person to use M and B 693 after I qualified. On the surgical wards the mortality of a partial gastrectomy was 30%, many of the prostatectomies went septic, and a lot of time was spent irrigating infected bladders and nephrostomies. They were mostly removed by an abdominal incision.

Thyroid diseases were diagnosed by the basal metabolic rate and Rupert Vaughan Hudson operated on my mother. My father got acute retention and had his prostate removed by Mr Riches through the urethra. One day the surgical registrar came into the theatre with a pot containing a specimen which looked like a small liver. It had been removed in a nursing home the day before by an eminent surgeon, who had felt a lump in the abdomen. As he was sewing up the GP who was giving the anaesthetic asked where was the liver, and there it was in the pot. He was so flustered he wrote on the death certificate as the cause

[29] Followers of Sir Oswald Mosley.

[30] Hugh Leslie Marriott (1900-1983), who had a distinguished medical career.

of death the name of the surgeon.

A delivery on the district took place in a Peabody building[31] in Soho. One mother had seven children all living in one room. There was excreta on the stairs on the way up. The family were sent out while the birth took place, and everything went smoothly. At the Middlesex we had seven dead babies and one dead mother in a fortnight. At St Mary Abbotts a baby was born with phocomelia but was not allowed to live.

In 1938 Hitler marched into Czechoslovakia so a friend and I took round gas masks to the population of South Ealing, mostly civil servants who just didn't want to know. We were upset by our unfriendly reception and the thought of the impending war so we got drunk at the Queen Victoria and the next day I went off to OTC camp.

After Munich I qualified[32] and got a job as house physician at the Middlesex. There one looked after fifty non-paying patients and twenty patients in the private wing. There were six ward rounds with the chiefs and students, a VD clinic one evening, and another evening a varicose vein clinic at which one had to give 150 injections. One came into supper at 8pm and the porter, who later developed tabes, said "Hurry up, sir, there are twenty patients in casualty, six donors to be bled and three patients to be admitted on your ward". The donors were bled by sucking off the blood with an inverted foot pump. Of the casualties one might have to set a collis fracture while a chum gave the gas. One got to bed at midnight and might be called up twice as a patient had collapsed or an emergency had been admitted. It all began again at 8am the next morning.

Still one found time to visit "Mother Marshall's" (the Cambridge, opposite). She drank about two bottles of gin a day; about closing time she got rather tearful and called us her Middlesex boys. She came in after the war with liver failure.

In those days you didn't get paid a regular salary, you got £1 a week for each private patient, £5 for assisting at a private

[31] The Peabody Trust still provides dwellings for people on low income.
[32] In 1939.

operation, and a guinea for a cremation certificate, 1/- of which went to the porter. I made £60 in six months. A glass of beer cost 3d and a suit 30/-.

The medical wards admitted cases of septic tonsillitis with glands and joints pneumonia and lung abscess, tuberculosis which was nursed on the balconies, haematemesis and melaena and overdoses.

My senior chief had an appointment at the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormonde Street so he took us there once a week. He was a geneticist of international repute. The wards there were large with wooden floors and coal fires burning in the middle surrounded by large fire guards. The children had rheumatic fever, aplastic anaemia which may have been due to the fact that a commonly prescribed hypnotic was urethane, pneumonia and diabetes. Infectious diseases with the exception of primary tuberculosis went off to the 1000-bed fever hospitals run by the LCC.

I then did two weeks' locum on the orthopaedic ward for Blundell Bankart[33] and Philip Wiles[34]. Then a friend and I got the offer of sailing the yacht of a radiologist round from Brixham to the Kyle of Loch Alsh where his father-in-law, one of the Wills tobacco people, had a deer forest estate. I had met the radiologist whose name was Douglas at a magnificent dinner he had given to the sailing club, of which he was President, at the Athenaeum. After the odd brandy we went down to play snooker watched by the bishops. I had great difficulty in not cutting the cloth.

We spent the night at Brixham and set off next day in the early hours using the motor, and rounded Lands End. The next day found us in the Bristol Channel and we narrowly escaped being run down by a liner. We spent the next night at Holyhead.

We set off again passing the Isle of Man, and between Scotland and Ulster getting into the race off the Mull of Kintyre,

[33] Arthur Sydney Blunkell Bankart (1879-1951), a distinguished surgeon.
[34] 1899-1967. A distinguished surgeon who served in both World Wars – in the Second World War he was a brigadier in the Royal Army Medical Corps.

and anchored between Islay and Jura. There was a strong current and rowing ashore we were swept down by the tide. Setting off early next morning the Paps of Jura looked beautiful in the rising sun. We anchored off Oban and went ashore to wet out whistles. Next day we motored through the Sound of Mull and finally got to Loch Alsh. We had to row a mile to the pub and arrived there just before closing time which was 9 o'clock. Next day Douglas came on board and took us in his motor boat to see the Wills estate, and arranged a sail to Skye the following day. That evening my friend Farquahar McRae played the bagpipes on board, which in the resonating loch sounded the perfect setting.

War

We duly sailed off to Portree and back in a fresh breeze but the radio announced on the way back that the Prime Minister would be making an important announcement at 11 o'clock the next morning and that all Territorials should join their units.

When we got back to Kyle Farquahar and I went ashore, he to join the Territorial Battalion of the Argylle and Sutherland Highlanders and me to get back to London to join the RAMC. The War Office wasted no time: within a week I had a medical at Millbank where the MO[35] didn't want to pass me because of my poor physique, and was gazetted Lieutenant to report to the 11th General Hospital mobilising at Netley on the 23rd of September.[36]

Netley was an enormous Victorian hospital with a large officers' mess. They rooked us nearly all our pay in mess bills, and when we revolted they said they were going to use the money to rebuild the place after the War. We went on route marches to the Bugle at Hamble, played snooker and had riotous mess nights. I got sent to Southampton to look after the 5th Hampshires and caught german measles just as we were going to France, so I had to catch a boat a week later. When I got to Cherbourg the ADMS[37] tried to grab me, but I made him contact my CO[38] in Le Havre and joined my unit.

I found them established at a mess in Ste Addresse near the medical unit which was in the Salle de Regattes. The surgical unit was in the Casino. There was an operating theatre in a clinic in Le Havre proper and a VD clinic in a hut on the shore.

I looked after 100 medical beds with Charles Baker, later of

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[35] Medical Officer.

[36] Between 1889 and 1897 one of Forde Cayley's great-uncles, Henry Cayley, later Hon Surgeon to Edward VII, was professor of military medicine at Netley.

[37] Assistant Director of Medical Services.

[38] Commanding Officer.

Guy's[39]. I also looked after 3000 AMPC Pioneer Corps in warehouses in the harbour and other outlying detachments. At first I went by ambulance but later I bought a bicycle and made my way on it. There were epidemics of flu, cerebrospinal meningitis, and german measles as well as coronaries. We had to fill in forms for every egg and glass of milk used. We ran out of aspirin. Luckily we had enough M&B to treat the 100 cases of meningitis without a death. It was a very cold winter, and all the telegraph poles were down with the weight of snow. The pioneers were mostly elderly unemployed Liverpool dockers sleeping on the floor in cold billets. One had only one leg, another had secondaries in his liver, another was blind. We had to board most of them out, especially as the pernod started to rot their livers.

The younger troops and those in transit through the port made for the brothels and I had to take over the VD ward as well. We had the highest rate of VD ever recorded in the history of the British army. Every soldier had to fill in a questionnaire describing the girl's appearance and clothes and where they had met. We then collected the French Medical Officer of Health and went by ambulance to the place. One girl in a brothel infected ten men in one night. Another soldier went to a dockside café for a drink. A key was let down onto the bar from a crack in the ceiling. He took it off and went upstairs. She looked very ill and probably had salpyngitis.

On Saturday nights we went to a cheap restaurant and had huîtres portugaises, coq au vin, filets de sole normande and an ice with vin en carafe, all for about 10/-, and to the Café de Paris, where a band used to play, for a liqueur.

One of my senior officers thought I was too innocent so he took me off to a restaurant, the Léon d'Or in the Rue de Galléons. We had a good meal and lots to drink and then went to La Lune next door. The sign of a half moon with a face on it swung drunkenly in the winter wind. We went in by the officers' entrance. Fifi and Mimi were fetched and perched themselves on

[39] Charles Gaffney Baker (1907-1969). During the Second World War he became a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Royal Army Medical Corps.

our knees and led us upstairs. It was not a very wonderful experience as she must have been pregnant. She got married and was to be seen pushing a pram before we left Le Havre.

Later the whole lot of younger officers graduated to No. 10 opposite. There one girl was dressed for tennis, another in a swim suit, two in evening dress, others in miniskirts. If business was slack they lifted up their skirts to show they had no panties on. We got tired of that quite quickly.

As spring came reinforcements for the Maginot Line came through the port and I was sent as MO to Le Mans with them and picked up another party and took them by train to Paris. One lot were a battalion of Welsh Guards. While in a siding larking about, a tin helmet went overboard. The guardsman was getting back into the carriage using the wheel as a step when the train went off so he had his leg torn nearly off. I was called in the station to deal with it. I always carried a bottle of rum so I gave him a swig, applied a tourniquet, cut off the leg, dressed it and sent him off by ambulance. When I turned round for my bottle of rum it had gone. Travelling to Paris from Le Mans with the young officers going up to the front, they talked of the girl at the brothel near the town: remembering stories of the First World War, one wondered how long they had to live.

Then a consignment of guns for Finland went through the port. The Finns and the Germans were fighting the Russians and one wondered how illogical was our foreign policy and who was really the enemy. Then Norway was invaded and troops came through on their way to Narvik: their MO was a middle-aged GP who had heart failure and wanted to change places with me but of course I couldn't without orders. We made friends with a French lawyer and his family and the local councillors gave us a party at the town hall but the youngsters laughed at our French.

I had to give a medical report on Private O'Toole who had made as if to strike an officer in the hold of a ship and then shinned up the mast and made as if to throw himself in the water. He had had two admissions to hospital with delirium tremens. I said he wasn't mad but was just a wild Irishman who had lost his temper. His commanding officer was a Scot, and the ADMS,

DADMS, my CO, second-in-command, and adjutant sergeant major were all Irish, so I was sent to Bolbec to relieve the MO there who had command of a dressing station. The unit there was a field bakery. They ate at a local café where champagne was 2d a glass so they were all under arrest facing court-martial for cheeking the CO. I decided to sleep and mess on the job and drew hard lying allowance. I had to go to the military prison at Yvetot. At the beginning of the War many of the old lags were let out of prison on condition they joined up. Once in France they went AWOL and had a high old time stealing, raping and even murdering in Northern France till rearrested. They had glass-house treatment.[40] I had to examine those on PD (punishment diets one and two) every day. They had broken noses and cauliflower ears and came weaving at me in their cell. I was always very glad when the prison gates clanged behind me.

The usual MO returned from leave so I got back to Le Havre. Crossing Paris once, laden with my full marching order camp bed and medical haversack, I couldn't get a taxi because of all the French officers with their gold-braided caps so had to take the metro. A civilian seeing me so laden thought no British officer could look such a clot, got up and shook my hand and said "Ah, monsieur, vous devez être polonais"[41].

Suddenly came the attack on Holland and Belgium. Our CO Johnnie Dowse[42] and CC Surgical Division were sent up north to take up senior administrative posts. I was sent to a staging camp at Rouen to join Beau Force, consisting of about 200 men composed of hospital convalescents, men returning from leave who couldn't get back to their units, and base details. We were taken in army trucks to a farm between Dieppe and Rouen, the idea being to form a line on this 40-mile front. Our progress was impeded by fleeing civilians and detachments of the French and Belgian armies. Most of them had got rid of their weapons but

[40] That is, they were held in military detention barracks.

[41] Sir, you must be Polish.

[42] Major-General John Cecil Alexander Dowse (1891-1964), a career officer in the army medical service.

still stuck to their barrels of wine. We were spotted by a reconnaissance plane which dropped some whistling bombs. I found myself taking cover under the ammunition wagon. We could hear the guns in the north. Some Valentine tanks and the 51st Highland Division came through and a Scot said "Mon, it's just bloody murder".

Then we moved on to a village near Forges les Eaux and the troops dug trenches on the ridge above and filled them with stuffed uniforms from a nearby clothing depot. We were reinforced to about 800 men and became Beaumans Division. Colonel Bourdillon[43] was our Commanding Officer. I scrounged three ambulances of the 51st Division which had been left abandoned in a ditch. A stone with a paper wrapped round it was thrown into our Battalion HQ. It had a message in code which was easy to crack. It said "Don't trust the Mayor, he is a traitor". Our intelligence got hold of the German plan which was to attack the battalion on our right with two panzers under Rommel on the night of June 6/7. We had orders to stay where we were to the last round and last man. After two days without a shot being fired, we sent back to Brigade HQ for orders and found they had left. We therefore packed all the men into lorries and the ambulances and found we had quite a lot of motorcycles and started off when it got dark. We passed through burning villages. We passed a château where one of the German tank squadrons was corralled up for the night but luckily they didn't want their sleep disturbed.

We arrived at Caudebec at about two and the Colonel rowed across the Seine to get the ferryman out of bed to take us and our vehicles across. He had to threaten to shoot him. I got across on the first trip. The town was filling up with fleeing units of the British army, some of whom were drunk and brandishing their revolvers. On the south bank units from French North Africa were digging in. We rested in a farmhouse three miles south of the river. We could see the German anti-aircraft fire getting

[43] Lancelot Gerard Bourdillon (1888-1950), who served in both World Wars. In the Second World War he was a colonel in the Royal Army Medical Corps.

nearer and heard that they had got over the Pont de l'Arche at Rouen, so we sent back to Brigade for orders and found they had left again. The CO then gave the order "every man for himself" and we set off at 60 mph towards Le Mans. We passed a château where a cousin of the king who had been made CO of all troops in northern France had made his headquarters. Outside was a notice "British army this way". At the outskirts of Le Mans we were challenged by a section of Redcaps[44] who accused us of being deserters. After the CO had talked to them we were directed to a transit camp for the night and next took up a position on the Cotenten peninsula, withdrawing when a German machine gun mounted on a side car came within range. We were gradually withdrawn, manning the east banks of rivers until we reached Cherbourg. There the 52nd Canadian Division had been landed with all their transport and they went straight back to England because the French signed the armistice, leaving the trucks and bren gun carriers for the enemy.

When we reached Southampton on the cross-channel steamer we noticed how most of the men were in civvies. We were sent to the Marsham Court Hotel in Bournemouth. It was the height of the holiday season and the beaches and promenades were full of the usual holidaymakers.

When we tried to strike up a friendship nobody would talk to us for long because we stank to high heaven after sleeping rough for two weeks, so we went to bed and sent our uniforms to a 24-hour cleaner. That night a convoy was bombed just offshore, so the holidaymakers hastily departed. Contact was made with my unit, who had ended up at Becketts Park at Leeds, and I was ordered to rejoin them. I stopped in London on my way, and stayed the night with my family and went to Chelsea to see my girl. A stick of bombs fell near, which killed a friend of hers in a nearby flat, so we did our courting under the table.

At Headingly there was nothing to do except drill and PT. Seeing these middle-aged majors trying to do kneebends was rather pitiful. After a week or two of rather unpleasant living I

[44] Military police

was detached to an aerodrome at Hatfield Woodhouse near Doncaster to look after the ground defence troops. These were not of high intelligence and used to take pot shots at the orderly officer when he was doing his rounds of the posts. There was also a company of infantry who were training to man the Kent coast when the expected invasion took place. They went on 30-mile route marches and I was asked to board out those who dropped out. They were replaced by hospital convalescents equally unfit, so little was gained. The aerodrome had Hambden bombers and if they were holed by flak the crew got frostbite. We were bombed by a solitary plane. I was sprayed with machine gun fire while riding my bicycle to the station sick bay and just as I got there it had a direct hit. So we had to use the bunker at the back to treat the dead and dying. We sent the wounded off by ambulance to Doncaster, and just as we had finished the RAF medical officer who slept out arrived and asked "Has anything happened?" I had to visit small outposts all over that part of Yorkshire.

I was then posted to 20 CCS at Otterburn. We looked after the troops guarding that part of Northumberland. As I was the only officer under the rank of major I collected all the unpopular jobs - education, recreation, etc. Luckily there was an efficient corporal who did the work.

I also acted as house officer for the medical and surgical cases which were admitted. I borrowed a shot gun and shot rabbits which I sent to my friends to alleviate the rationing. Lady Armstrong brought an Ensa party to entertain us and gave permission to fish the Coquet. We reached their water above Rothbury but the river was low so we caught nothing until the keeper came along and showed us how to use cigarette paper as bait. We did this with success, except that in the excitement Pat Mallam's rod was broken.

As their MOs went on leave I was detached to units at Alnwick, Morpeth, Tynemouth, Castle Blyth and Sunderland, which made a pleasant interlude in spite of the bombing.

After six months of this I had got over my battle dreams and applied for an overseas posting, and was accordingly sent to the

school of tropical medicine at Liverpool for a course. We stayed at the Adelphi and listened to the bombs dropping on the dock area. Strangely enough I was sent on a messing officers' course at Scarborough and learnt butchery, mess tin cookery and how to run a restaurant. I had a short leave and arranged to get married at Chelsea on my embarkation leave, on 16 September 1941.[45] This was very short and sweet, but sad as I knew we wouldn't see each other again for years, if ever.

I joined the 5th Suffolks at Leominster. They formed part of the 13th Division and were bound for the Middle East. Luckily I got leave again and we spent it at my wife's grandmother's house at Fleet. It was peaceful - only one bomb.

[45] The wedding night was spent at his mother-in-law's house. According to Forde Cayley, his mother-in-law burst upon him and Eileen as they were consummating the marriage and he told her she was sex-starved and recommended she take a lover. Forde Cayley maintained that she followed this advice and that she set aside a room in her house to which she used to summon the proprietor of a King's Road antique shop. The lover's nickname was "Fiddle-de-dee", and Forde Cayley's children used to be taken to see him when they were young.

Singapore

We were taken by train to Liverpool and were inspected in a cutting by King George VI. We boarded the *Reina Del Pacifico*. This was a luxury liner usually on the South America run. The menus were still as for peacetime. At breakfast there were fruit juice, cereal, bacon and egg, kippers, kidneys, herrings, toast and marmalade, and fruit. The bar was well stocked and in the evening we danced all over the ship, led by our general Beckwith-Smith[46]. Halfway across, our RN escort was exchanged for a US Navy aircraft-carrier and supporting ships, although America was not yet in the War. At Halifax, Nova Scotia we boarded American troopers. Ours was called the *Wakefield* and in peacetime had been called the *Manhattan*. The trooper ships were tee-total and had Afro-American waiters.

Because the Germans had Dakar we hugged the North American coast and anchored off Port of Spain, Trinidad where I went ashore to try and contact a cousin who had retired there from the army with his Burmese wife. We then made for Cape Town but what was thought to be a wolf pack of submarines was spotted, so we had to go into Antarctic waters till they had gone. There was a gale blowing and the waves were a hundred feet high. The destroyers climbed to the crest and then nose-dived down to the trough. Our cabin trunks were careering from one side to the other and one officer who got in the way broke his leg. We reached Cape Town with our keel scraping the bottom. We were made honorary members of the City Fathers Club in Adderly Street and the Kelvin Grove Club, and visited Musenberg and the South Point Hotel. Our Afro-American waiters were horrified by the colour bar, and we were warned that some white girls hanging around the dock entrance were classified as coloured and were tabu. We asked how you could tell and were told that they had no half-moons on their nails. Smuts spoke at the City Hall, mainly about the “Oxwagon Men”,

[46] Major-General Merton Beckwith-Smith (1890-1942).

a semi-fascist organisation. Then we sailed off, heading for the Middle East, but while we were off Mombasa Pearl Harbour was bombed and we had to cut short the ceremonies of crossing the line for fear of Japanese submarines. Our orders were changed and we made for Bombay.

As we drew alongside, bundles sleeping on the dockside stretched themselves, entered the bowels of the ship, and removed our equipment. In the harbour there was a cargo-ship disguised as a battleship with dummy guns.

I went into the city to see a cousin who was manager of the Reserve Bank of India in Bombay. On the way I was accosted by a woman who had eight children clinging to her skirts.

We left Bombay in the evening by train bound for Ahmednagar. When we stopped people collected from nowhere asking for baksheesh. Meals were laid on by the line and we were warned to keep our hands waving over our mess-tins as we were dive-bombed by shitehawks. We reached a junction called Dhond where we changed trains. A blind man attached to his blind wife fell over our pile of luggage and no Indian would help them because they were untouchable, so we got them sorted out.

We reached Ahmednagar and marched through the town to the Indian Army camp. When I reached my hut there was a green tree rat clinging to the ceiling. Beautiful birds perched on the wire fence. We took a tonga to the club but the normal members were not particularly pleased to see us.

We were allotted forty sweepers with a havildar in charge. They were paraded by Bill Sykes, the adjutant, and told to clean the thunder boxes. The next thirty turned up so Bill told the havildar to pick out the original forty and these were given a chit with the battalion stamp on. He became thereafter the “chitty sahib”. The next day there were eighty all armed with a chit. As we had been a long time at sea, I took my stretcher bearers into the surrounding country on stretcher-bearing and first-aid exercises. There were fields round the camp with wells from which water was drawn by bullocks driven down an inclined plane turning up a windlass which brought up a leather bucket to the tune of a chant from the driver. A couple of girls on horseback

in pale blue jodhpurs rode by but did not exchange greetings. I suppose we represented the end of an era. We went to the bazaar to order field jackets, but were given to understand that we wouldn't be there long enough to get them. We were kitted out in jungle green, and took the train back to Bombay.

Back on the *Wakefield* we had the usual epidemic of gastro-enteritis that always followed taking on a fresh supply of water. In the men's cabins in the bowels of the ship with inadequate sanitary accommodation it must have been awful. One man had been to Grant Road, Bombay and reported sick with primary syphilis.

Because the Japanese controlled the straits of Malacca by sea and air, we had to go round Sumatra and come North through the Sunda straits. As we were passing Banks Island the sirens went. Someone pinched my life jacket and we waited in the bowels of the ship with our men listening to the AA fire and hearing the bombs exploding. We were straddled without a direct hit but the *Empress of India* got an oil bomb down her funnel and had to be abandoned. The troops had to swim ashore and lost their guns and transport.

We reached Singapore in the middle of an air raid and were taken by truck to a rubber plantation with our gear. We were allocated Pongol Point as our bit of coastline to defend, and soon were marched off, leaving our baggage which was promptly looted so we never saw it again. I was issued with a service revolver and ten rounds, and felt "now I am really for it".

Pongol Point was on the north-west of the island. There was a small island in the straits of Johore between us and the mainland. Our battalion was in a small wooden mission house in a rubber plantation surrounded by shacks in which the Chinese rubber tappers lived. Some had communist and others Chiang Kai Shek posters on the walls. The inhabitants had all fled and there was a dead pug crawling with maggots which had been hit by a bomb. The tide crept up the nearby creek and when it ebbed left a reeking mud channel lined by mangroves. D Company was up the road by the sea, facing the island. There was a heavy AA battery on the way.

The other companies guarded the flanks. The Japanese got a patrol onto the island and we had to send a platoon to dislodge them. The road was under intermittent shell fire. Our HQ received some near misses so I had Sergeant Shearman and the stretcher bearers dig a dugout to shelter in when we stood to in the small hours. I scrounged a bike and visited D Company who I found crouching in their slit trenches under mortar fire so I did likewise. When a lull came in the firing I got on my bike and rode back being pursued by a few artillery shells. No sooner had I reached Headquarters than they brought in the dead and wounded from the slit trench in which I had been cowering.

That night we could hear the barrage as the Japanese attacked the causeway on which the road and railway went to the mainland. We heard that the Aussies couldn't hold them. So we were withdrawn in trucks to the outskirts of Singapore to take up new positions on the perimeter of the city. There were hundred-plane air-raids with pattern bombing from which we took cover. Then we had to stop in a row of suburban houses while a section of Japanese was cleared from a graveyard overlooking the road. Then we had to shoot over a crossroad under constant shellfire, with the burnt-out wrecks of trucks which had not been lucky as a warning.

At last we reached Raffles College which became our battalion HQ. I had my Regimental Aid Post in the middle of one wing as it had a tower over it. Unfortunately this was a good aiming point for the Japanese gunners and shells hit the tower every minute guided by an observation balloon a mile or two away. I parked the ambulance in the lea of the building. We soon filled up with wounded. The mortar platoon were under a tree and the mortar hit a branch above them and blew off an officer's leg. Another was hit in the arm and I had to take it off. The Indians from the units on each side of us sent their wounded in with bullets penetrating their bowels so the night was made terrible by their cries for water. A Malay civilian came in with his sternum ripped away by a shell so that you could see his heart beating. The floor above caught fire, and mortar bombs were coming into the toilet windows at the end of the corridor. Some Japanese were

firing from a house a hundred yards away and had to be chased out by HQ company.

When there was a lull in the fighting, I sent the ambulance with the worst wounded to hospital. They had an awful time getting there as there were Japanese patrols everywhere. HQ company mess overlooked the main road and we could see C company under shell fire which Colonel Baker said was as heavy as the third battle of the Somme in which he had been taken prisoner. Then a couple of Japanese tanks came up the road and some of C company had to beat a hasty retreat. Then the firing ceased and General Percival's car[47] flying a union jack went up the road to sign the terms of surrender, which was particularly necessary as the Japs had cut off the water to the city. I snatched a last meal. The artillery on both sides fired off all their spare ammunition at each other. Finally the firing died down an hour after we expected, as Japanese time was different from our own. I nearly got hit by a stray shell.

Under instructions from a Jap patrol we piled our arms, and marched the ten miles to Changhi barracks[48], passing Malays lining the roads and some Arab traders who spat at us. The people had all been supplied with Jap flags to wave. There were British 25-pounders which had been put out of action by firing off a shell with another in the muzzle.

[47] Lieutenant-General Arthur Ernest Percival (1887-1966), GOC Malaya 1941-2.

[48] There is a museum there to commemorate the POWs. Its location was moved following some redevelopment and it was reopened in February 2001 with a ceremony attended by a number of former POWs and representative members of former POWs' families. An unedited copy of these memoirs has been deposited in the museum.

Prisoner of War

All the British POWs were herded in those first few days into Changhi barracks. Our rations consisted of a packet of army biscuits a day and half a tine of sardines. The water was cut off so we had to get it from pools. We were thirsty and battle-weary. We all got dysentery. I went to hospital where there were hardly any bedpans and men were dying all round. I was better after a few days, but when I got back to the room I shared with Padre Davidson someone had pinched my stethoscope. As I had a bible I thought the book of Job would be suitable reading.

We were then allowed to expand into the nearby countryside and started gardens. A small quantity of rice was added to the menu. We were given tents, and working parties went out to clean up the city and work on the docks. Sikhs who had defected to the Japanese guarded us and, like the Japanese, made us bow at the guard tent. The naval base was near and we could see the badly damaged ships going in for repair.

Our battalion was sent to Buktimah near the reservoir to build a shrine for the Jap dead. We had a big rice ration but very little else, so most of us got beriberi, pellagra and scrotal dermatitis. Some got brain and nerve troubles. We had an epidemic of typhoid. In the autumn we marched off to the station and were put into cattle trucks and went up the Malay Peninsula to Siam.

Ban Pong where all these parties ended up was flooded in the monsoon season. We slept on bamboo platforms with the water lapping round us. The cookhouse and latrines were flooded so the sanitation was awful. We thanked our lucky stars when a few days later we were taken on trucks to Hanburi where we crossed the river in barges as the bridge over the River Kwai had yet to be built, and marched to Chungkai. Here we came under the command of Colonel Nakamura who was a gentleman who tried to teach us his yoga exercises. Captain Taramoto and

Lieutenant Kanioka[49] were slave drivers. There was no fence then and I climbed up a nearby peak made of lava, passing a hunter using a bow and arrow. At the top one could see jungle and hills stretching to the horizon and realised that escape was impossible.

We washed in the river where the fish nibbled one's tropical ulcers. The Thais lived in huts and the babies slept in a shawl of muslin serving as a mosquito net. We could buy ducks' eggs and peanut toffee from stalls near the camp. When the Thais went to wash in the river the man went first followed by his women and children.

The men went out on working parties to make a cutting and later the surplus officers had to go too. They found an old stone axe in the cutting. Malaria affected nearly everyone from that time onwards. As men fell sick, so their places on the working party were taken by convalescents. Some of the bad hats took to thieving clothes and mess tins from the sick, to buy eggs. The men got ten bahts a month, the NCOs twenty and the officer thirty, of which we paid ten into a fund to buy eggs for the sick who got no pay.

We were given two tablets a day of prophylactic quinine which was stopped if we got sick. We were lousy and the huts were infested with bed bugs. If you sprinkled a few grains of sugar on your bedding the ants would come and remove some of the bedbugs too. The Japanese got orders to make our senior officers sign an undertaking that we wouldn't try and escape and that we were members of the Imperial Japanese Army. As they refused, we were lined up, and a machine-gun was trained on us, so they had to sign under duress. Colonel Nakamura had gone on leave to save face. He was shot after the War. Three did try and escape and were caught, made to dig their graves, and shot.

In the dry season parties of natives trotted up the river, men and girls with chickens and rice slung on their carrying poles, to cut down bamboo and make enormous rafts with a little hut to

[49] One of them appeared in one of the TV programmes marking the 50th anniversary of VJ Day: he was an old frail man, and the sight of his frailty helped to heal some of Forde Cayley's memories.

sleep in and on top of that a hut for the chickens. When the rainy season came they floated down and sold the bamboo. Huts that had been washed away also came down with their inhabitants clinging to the roof. In the low-lying areas the huts were built on stilts. Using yeast cakes they brewed rice beer and distilled it into raw fiery spirit, using a petrol can with a bamboo spout.

The first wooden bridge must have been completed and the railway reached us, so we marched off through Won Tow Kin and Tak Y Lun to Bang Po, a village where there was a Buddhist monastery and we were woken up by the temple bell and saw the yellow-robed monks about their duties. As we sat under the big tree in the evening we would bet on how many times the ghekko was going to shriek. Here I saw Professor Marcovitz of Toronto Medical School treating the prevailing epidemic of diphtheria by transfusing blood from a recovered case. The blood was caught in a clean milk tin and stirred with a bamboo paddle to catch the fibrin, before being injected onto the patient. It was cross-matched.

Once more the railway reached us and we took the train back to Chungkai to regroup before the next hop, again by train, to Tarsao, skirting the cliff on the projecting track at Wanpo. I had jaundice. Tarsao was under the direction of Colonel Toosey whom even the Japs treated with respect. We started our long march lasting about a week, twenty miles a day. The cooks carried the cooking utensils called kwalis strapped to bamboo poles. I had been issued in Singapore with a medical pannier with rope rings for a carrying pole, and my medical orderly, Corporal Jones, and I carried this. It was just before the monsoon. We passed camps of starved Australians, some of whom had ingenious methods of bringing water to their camps, by bamboo pipes, or a pump with the working parts made of bamboo and the valves made of the tops of tins with holes in covered with leather. On the way one man developed a stamping gait like tabes and he had a heart murmur, and we had to support him. We could hear the monkeys and barking deer, and at one place were told a tiger had been seen. Finally after this wearisome trek we reached Martona. The graveyard of so many of us. It was just a jungle

clearing. We had to put up tents, and later made bamboo platforms to sleep on. The men went out to clear the jungle and make the cutttings, bridges and embankments. The orders came through that the railway was to be pushed through regardless of human cost, so they left at first light and came back at two in the morning. The sick were often dragged out too.

The rainy season descended on us and everything became a quagmire. Two other camps were formed a couple of miles up and down the track. Our food consisted of pap rice with sugar for breakfast, dry rice and half a dried fish for lunch, and dry rice and two small cubes of pumpkin with salt as a stew for supper. I took some of the sugar to brew a rice beer to treat the beriberi, using a yeast cake to start it off. The tropical ulcers we had to dress with banana leaves

I had some rock sulphur which was brewed up with army bleaching powder to treat scabies and ringworm, magnesium sulphate for dysentery, and we had our quinine. The man with tabes screamed when he got lightning pains. One man had become swollen all over with beriberi, went off his head and peed in the Korean guard tent. I tried a mug of my brew and he spent all night passing water, turning from a balloon into a skeleton.

I visited the branch camp and saw a man on a bamboo stretcher lying in his own watery stool looking collapsed and with washerwoman's fingers. A fly flew up from the stool and landed in my mouth. He had cholera: the Japs made us pitch a tent two miles from the camp for the cases. We had thirty in all. I tried to treat them with a drip of rock salt solution in a milk tin with a hole in the bottom to which I attached a Higginson's syringe and at the other end a needle, but only one survived. He died soon after of beriberi down country. Due to the dehydration their limbs were distorted into grotesque postures yet they remained conscious to the end. Then a herd of cattle was driven up and the work slackened a little and the deaths fell off.[50]

[50] Colonel Nicolson records that "Captain Cayley, the gallant and indefatigable medical officer of the battalion, had to walk many miles each day along muddy tracks to visit all his patients; but even so shortage of

The Korean medical orderly lost his dressing forceps and accused the Dutch doctor Kellerman Dible of pinching them. Kellerman put him on to me and he wanted to commandeer my case of surgical instruments. When I said no he took off his clogs and belted me over the head as hard as he could, and after he had just about knocked me out kicked me in the stomach. While being hit, I packed up my instruments[51]. I succeeded in keeping them.

The next day as the railway had reached us we set off on the next hop. We had sent most of the men who were unable to walk down the river on a boat, and set off again on another week's walk. In our party were Bobbie Green and his dachsund Ludwig. Bobbie had been a solicitor in Singapore and had joined the Malay Volunteers. The river was swollen with the monsoon rains and the side valleys were flooded. As the path led across them, I could see those in front disappearing as the water came up to their necks, and, being a little man, I had to swim. Then a man had a fit, probably due to cerebral malaria, and we had to swim him across and support him for the rest of that day's march as well as carry the medical pannier, with a Korean guard sticking a bayonet into our backs to get us to keep up with the others. When we reached the end of the day, two men reported sick with cholera, we had to sleep rough. The white ants ate a hole in my groundsheet in the night.

We left the sick in a camp and went on the next day. By the sixth day I had to fall out as I had had malaria for several days and had delayed shock from my beating up and was short of breath. After resting at a camp by the river, I was taken up by boat to join my party at Conquita. On the way, as we were going through a narrow stretch of the river, a family of apes crossed. Daddy ape jumped across and bent down a branch on the other side, and mummy ape, with a baby clinging to her chest, bent

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supplies made it impossible to give them the intravenous injections of saline which alone might have saved their lives." (Colonel Nicolson, *The Suffolk Regiment – History 1928-46*, page 223)

[51] According to Colonel Nicolson's account, he did so in a determined and defiant manner which only increased the force of the blows. (Colonel Nicolson, *The Suffolk Regiment – History 1928-46*, page 223)

down a branch on this side and the three small ones hopped across followed by the mother and baby.

Conquita was like a hill station. It was almost cool at night. There was a sandy beach to the river. Boats came up the river, selling peanuts, toffee, eggs and bananas, and Boon Pong the Thai merchant was able to supplement our store of medicines. A man developed a perforated ulcer, and, with me giving the chloroform, Captain Christison did a laparotomy with the instruments I had been beaten up for. He recovered, but died of beriberi down country.

The railway came through and brought up a party of joy girls for the guards, who queued up in front of hastily constructed shacks. I was taken to a camp of Chinese coolies. At the Chinese new year the Japs had laid on dances in Singapore at the Happy World, the New World and the Old World. At midnight soldiers were posted at all the entrances and the Chinese were marched off and taken to Siam by train with only the things they stood up in. They were marched up to work on the railway. Though paid, they were not given rations, and died like flies, adopting the lotus position before death as they were Buddhists. We also heard about H Force who had a 90% attack rate of cholera up at the Three Pagoda Pass: the sick were burnt to death in their huts.

Then the line from Burma joined the line from Siam and the Crown Prince of Japan came up by train to perform the ceremony. Paraded on each side of the track, we had to bow low and not look at him as we were of such little worth. As we had time to gossip, we heard of the trial of a British officer in Bangkok. A man was dying of cholera and the Japanese officer wanted to shoot him. As he thought he was going to make a hash of it, the British officer took the revolver and did it for him. He was arrested by the Kempi Tai and put on trial. After hearing the case, the Japanese judge dismissed the charge, complimented the British officer for the way he had given his evidence, and reprimanded the Jap officer. The British officer was then allowed out for the day in Bangkok, and happened to meet a Swedish diplomat who gave him news of the War.

We then took the train down to Kamburi. We couldn’t even

recognise Matona as the jungle had already grown up and covered it. The only thing that happened at Matona was a cyclonic thunder storm: the wind howling from one direction, then five minutes of total calm, and then it blew as fiercely the other way. The storm blew down several huts and flooded the cookhouse. We had to hold on to the central supports of our hut.

While at this camp, we received a tenth of a Red Cross parcel each, and I got three letters from my wife which I kept with her fading photograph and read over and over again, trying not to cry. I acquired some glasses which were fairly suitable from a dead man and for the first time for a year could see fairly clearly; also a pair of dental forceps, and some bottles of intravenous quinine.

Then we formed another jungle party and took the train right up country again to a camp near Tarkunun. Here the men built a station and improved the track. The Japs were using elephants to tow some trees cut down by the river to the track: they were all ages, and a baby elephant wanted to play. As he weighed about a ton, I thought discretion was the better part of valour. There were some beautiful orchids among the trees. There were kapok trees, and we used the bark as thongs in building our huts.

I was in great demand to extract teeth. The poor man would sit on a log while I twisted the tooth out, with all the men looking on and making comments, as they did when a bullock was being killed.

Six men went into a coma from cerebral malaria. When my intravenous quinine had run out, I squashed up an atebrine tablet in boiled water in a syringe, shook it, and injected that. They all came round after three days, but with a bedsore the size of a soup plate from the hard bamboo platform they were on.

We had a camp concert at which Bobbie Spong, the son of the landlord of the Six Bells in the Kings Road, Chelsea, did his female impersonation, which the Japanese enjoyed. We also had a few cases of blackwater fever, which I treated with quinine and they recovered, although it was taught that this was contraindicated.

We then took the train down country to Non Pladuk. Here there was a railway marshalling yard where the men loaded the trucks. There was an Indian heavy AA battery nearby and we could hear them chanting in the evening. The huts were made of wood and there was a large hospital hut split into rooms. There were monsoon drains round the huts. The Japanese built a shack by our ablution benches to install two Thai joy girls, and they would lift their skirts when we were washing.

One night the planes came over. Captain Primrose next to me said "Don't worry, they are ours", but I nipped out into the monsoon trench while we were plastered. When it was over, he had had his leg blown off and there were bomb splinters through the copy of "Gone with the Wind" which I was using as a pillow. We were operating for three days afterwards. I gave the chloroform. The Dutch wouldn't let us operate on their casualties. 100 were killed outright, 100 died of wounds and 100 recovered. A mass grave was dug and the bodies were taken out in a truck and buried.

A party of Jap wounded came down by train. They hadn't had food or water for three days. No Jap went to help them. The British shared their meagre rations with them.

I got an attack of malabsorption, and was admitted to the camp hospital and fed on pap rice and onion stew, but it all went straight through and I thought I would die. A strange peace came over me. But I recovered, just in time for the next raid which took place in daylight. This time we had dug split trenches. The next one to mine was hit, and the occupants were all killed.

Then the order came through that the officers were to be separated from the men and sent to a camp at Kanburi. I went to the hospital camp at Nakhon Pathon. Here had collected all the people no longer fit for work and a team of more highly qualified doctors, Colonel Coates, Major Dunlop, and Major Krantz from Australia. They had already done a craniotomy on an American sailor who had a cerebral tumour, and I gave the anaesthetic for a thoracoplast using an improvised Junkers inhaler. Microscopes had been made from old mess tins and the lenses of field glasses. Macrocytic anaemia was treated by aspirating the gastric juice of

a healthy person and injecting it into the stomach of the patient. As many of the patients had chronic malaria, they were treated with blood transfusions and injections of Salversan.

The standard of bridge was so high that after the War the players won pots of money in bridge clubs all over the world. One of the players was Piddington, who started a thought-reading act afterwards. There was a golden temple nearby, from which issued the noise of sackbut, psaltery and all kinds of music. We had a total eclipse of the sun, and they beat gongs to drive away the evil spirits.

Going Home

I was sent with about 400 men under a sergeant-major with a New Zealand MO by train to South Siam. The bridges were all down, and we had to cross the rivers by boat. We reached a place called Pratchuli Kirikran, and took three days to reach our camp on a track crossing the peninsula through which the Japs were retreating. They were towing their heavy mortars and light artillery. They looked miserable.

We had no quinine and there was a strain of malaria which caused jaundice: men went into a coma due to hepatic failure. When the monsoon came, food was brought by elephant, and there was little besides rice, and not much of that. Even the cooks got beriberi. I tried bamboo shoots but they were too tough. I tried treating the malaria with a local ivy which a Thai fisherman, who had one of those circular nets, told me was good.[52] It at least helped to raise the morale of those affected. I dug the graves - enough for eight men a day. The hut - which had been so overcrowded that it was a case of one turn, all turn - emptied out. I was taken fishing by the Japs, using a paste of rice and dynamite which stupefied the fish so you could catch them by hand, and was given fish for my pains.

Then the Jap officer got on his soapbox and said "War finish, all men go home and fight Russians." Three commandos came out of the jungle and said "We have been watching you for three months". It was decided that I should walk out with the walking sick while the NZMO got out the others: for the first stage, they had to be carried on stretchers through the mud to the camp below, where the road was usable. We were so glad to leave this leech-infested hellhole that we got down to the coast in one day. As we were running along a sandy track to prevent our bare

[52] Dr Hardie records that Dr Cayley had "ingenious ideas for concocting therapeutic compounds from substances locally available" during his time in POW camps. (Dr Robert Hardie, *The Burma-Siam Railway (Dr Hardie's Secret Diary)*, pub. Imperial War Museum/Jane's 1983, page 48)

feet being burnt, I was greeted by Colonel Philip Wiles from the Middlesex Hospital. He took us to the Thai aerodrome where we had a wonderful meal of rice and side dishes in the officers' mess. Next day we were flown out by Dakota to Rangoon.

At Rangoon Airport we were impressed by the smartness of the Indians of the 14th Army. We were taken to the hospital, dumped our lousy rags, and were given new uniforms and a dolly bag. I saw the eye specialist and got fitted up with glasses. Hugh Marriot, the consultant I had worked for at the Middlesex Hospital, invited me out to a party with some QAs, but I got malaria and had to be taken back. I was taken to see some Jap POWs in a hut and gave them treatment. Then we boarded a trooper to take us home. From India I sent a telegram to my sister Frances.[53] On the way to England I called on Dr Van Langenberg[54] at Colombo, who gave me lunch. He had two beautiful secretaries who wore floral shorts, which made my eyes pop out of my head as they were the first white women I had seen for years.

Then back through the Suez Canal, where I bought some shoes. In the Med a brother officer reported sick with primary syphilis. On our release, the local Thai bigwig had given a party with drink and dancing girls, and this was the result. As he was going back to his wife in a small town, I put a bandage round his head and offloaded him at Gibraltar with the diagnosis of otitis media.

We reached Liverpool on a dull day, handed in our uniform, drew a demob suit and twenty clothing coupons and a book of ration tickets, and said our farewells. I went home to Ealing, where I found my wife, my father and my sister. My mother had died.[55] I was thirty, weighed about seven stone,

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[53] "Arrived safely at India. Hope to be home soon. Writing. Address letters and telegrams to be recovered P W Mail Centre Bombay India Command. F E Cayley".

[54] One of Forde Cayley's Dutch cousins.

[55] Dorothy Cayley died on 25 July 1942.

wanted children, and had to find a job, get rid of my diseases[56], settle my psyche, and update my medical knowledge.[57]

I went next day to the Middlesex Hospital and saw the Dean, who put me on to Dr Bonham Carter at the postgraduate training centre in Bloomsbury. I had a bloodcount and a specimen of stools. I had hookworm and strongyloides[58]. I got some carbon tetrachloride from the dispensary, in spite of my large liver and spleen, and a supply of quinine and primaquin, and went to see Bonham Carter[59], who said "If you can find a hospital, we can pay you £300 a year as a supernumerary registrar".

My wife said that we had better live with her mother as there was a shortage of housing, so we went to Chelsea[60]. I asked which was the nearest hospital, and was told St Stephen's. I went to see Dr Kelson Ford, the medical superintendent, and was asked when I could start. As it was Friday, I said Monday. I made the ninth doctor looking after 500 beds. My wife had been in the ARP during the War. In spite of the bombing, the house had escaped a direct hit.

The work at St Stephen's was very hard. I often had 100 medical and TB beds to look after. We were on in the evening for casualty and the receiving ward, gave anaesthetics, delivered babies, and performed minor operations. In addition I was reading for the MRCP[61] which I got after six months. I then did a

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[56] In 1946 he was awarded a lump sum payment of £52 on account of the malaria he had picked up in the Far East: his degree of disablement was assessed at between 6% and 14%. To receive this, he had to sign away all possible other claims against the government. It was only in early 2001 that surviving Far East Prisoners of War and their widows/widowers were awarded a further *ex gratia* payment of £10,000.

[57] In 1946 he was awarded an MBE on account of his service in the Second World War.

[58] Finally killed by drugs in the 1960's. Prior to this they would periodically move around, causing acute discomfort. Forde Cayley also suffered from periodic bouts of malaria for some years.

[59] Richard Erskine Bonham Carter (1910-94), who also had a close association with the Great Ormond Street Hospital for children.

[60] 24 Ormonde Gate, London SW3.

[61] Membership of the Royal College of Physicians

House Physician job at the Brompton Hospital before going back to St Stephen's. Under the inspiration of Dr Philip Harvey we gave courses for doctors preparing for the MRCP. After a year I went to the Middlesex Hospital for a spell. Then back to St Stephen's. I took the MD, and as five years had gone by, I started applying for consultant posts. After a few failures, I became medical superintendent at Bevendean Hospital, Brighton.[62]

While at St Stephen's, I spent a month looking after Chelsea Workhouse. There were about forty unwanted babies, looked after by two untrained attendants who prepared the feeds and propped the bottle on the pillow. If young Oliver was strong, he thrived, but if not, he got marasmus and faded away, or died of one of the epidemics of gastro-enteritis which swept through the place. There was a ward of unmarried mothers, one of whom had been there eight years: she had brain damage from encephalitis, and would sell her body for a cake of soap outside the railings and get pregnant again.

There were wards full of old women, eighty to a ward with four loos and a small dayroom with scrubbed wooden tables and hard benches. The beds were round the sides and in two rows up the middle, with lockers between the beds. There was one male ward: one inmate was an alcoholic former Group Captain. After he was discharged, from time to time he would go to the West End, throw a brick through a window, and be brought back.

London at that time was full of prostitutes. One evening, after going to a Brompton dinner at the Trocadero, I counted eighty between Shaftesbury Avenue and Coventry Street. Inflation was very high. A glass of beer now cost 1/-. I had to buy clothing coupons to get an interview suit.

The doctors' maid ticked me off for swearing like a trooper. Having been with the men all those years, I didn't notice I was doing it. I gradually found my attacks of malaria were getting less frequent. But the strongyloides didn't clear till a new treatment came out ten years later. If I went to a party, they would creep about under my skin. I am still liable to upset tummies. My

[62] He was appointed in 1950.

terrible dreams and the fear took a long time to go. My two sons[63] were born while we were still in Chelsea.

For my new post at Bevendean Hospital we moved home to 67 Wish Road, Hove. I had not seen the Hospital before I was appointed as it was in quarantine due to a smallpox epidemic. It was then closed and all the staff were sent on leave. I was told to re-open it as an early treatment centre for tuberculosis which had increased due to the poor living standards during the War. The fever cases went to Foredown Hospital. Bevendean Hospital was under a cloud as there had been a public inquiry a few years before concerning the food and low standard of care. It had 150 beds, which we opened as quickly as staff recruitment would allow. We had to take and develop our own x-rays. With the aid of the house committee and my administrative officer and senior nursing staff, we did our best to improve the morale of the place. I told them that with the BCG, mass x-ray and the new drugs, we would be out of a job in ten years, so I made plans for alternative uses when that happened. One had to use diplomatic methods - sometimes rather devious - to get what one wanted. Slowly a medical unit was introduced, and then some rheumatic beds, and another chest physician. Then psychogeriatric medicine became fashionable and we were given a day hospital with a ward. I was given sessions at the chest clinics at Hove Hospital and Lewes, so I became extremely busy.

About Whitsuntide 1960, while praying for guidance, I had a call to repent of all my sins and serve God in a fuller way. Soon after that my vicar[64] asked me to become a lay reader, and after a period of instruction I received the bishop's licence. It seems that the Almighty has a use for everybody, even the most unworthy of us. I eventually retired, I hope having risen to a small degree of eminence by merit: at any rate, in my latter years I have been respected and will die regretted.

I wish to thank my wife and family, my friends, and so

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[63] Arthur Charles Digby Cayley, born 8 November 1946 in Chelsea, and Michael Forde Cayley, born 26 February 1950, also in Chelsea.

[64] The Rev. John Ware

many people for surrounding me with love and help throughout my life.

My hatred for the Germans and Japanese vanished when I went to the world medical assembly in Paris and met people from those countries who had been on the other side in the battles in which I had taken part. The German had been a POW in Russia, and the Jap a POW in Hong Kong. They too had suffered, and we had compassion for each other.

SUPPLEMENTARY MEMOIR
by Michael Cayley,
son of Forde Cayley

My father's memoirs focus mainly on the period before his move to Hove and his becoming consultant medical superintendent at Bevendean Hospital, Brighton. He was then in his mid-thirties and most of his life still lay ahead of him. It did not appear like that to him: he told me many times that, when he came back from the Second World War, he did not expect to live to 50 because of the damage to his health. In fact at the time of writing, in 2001, he is still alive at the age of 85.

He and my mother acquired a three bedroom detached house in Wish Road, Hove. On the other side of the road was a wardened recreation ground, which made it ideal for bringing up young children as my brother and I could be left to play in the small park with someone keeping an eye on us. Despite this, as I recall there were relatively few children in the vicinity. A high proportion of the houses were owned by retired people. My parents lived in the same house until my mother's death in 1997, and made few alterations. In many ways it was like the house used for a TV series, *The 1940's House*, broadcast in early 2001: it was in a timewarp. Soon after their arrival in Hove, my parents acquired a live-in help called Helen Hider, who lived with them until her death in the 1970's and one of whose specialities was to make very treacly gingerbread.

Bevendean Hospital too was in something of a timewarp. It was on the Downs on the North side of Brighton, and had probably been built as an isolation hospital just outside what was then the town. The wards are spread across several buildings, which still convey an atmosphere of Victorian gloom, reinforced in some wards by a view from the windows of a cemetery. When my father took up his post there, it catered only for tuberculosis, which was then on the decrease. Gradually it evolved under my father to a hospital handling, first, general chest and heart ailments, including lung cancer, and subsequently, in addition, the general ailments of old age. Side by side with this my father

developed into a consultant able to cover general medicine.

Many Bevendean patients were long-care patients, and a significant proportion could expect their next move to be to the adjacent cemetery. My brother and I used to be taken to the hospital on Boxing Day for the ritual mince pies and I still have memories, not only of the traditional formidable matron, but also of going round the wards and seeing thin, pale denizens. When we were slightly older, we joined in the singing of Christmas Carols there: this was chaotic, as the singers went in a long procession and those at the front were frequently singing a few notes ahead of those at the rear – but the reward was a glass of something, and a mince pie, after.

My father was extremely conscientious. He insisted on doing ward rounds on Saturdays, when the other members of the hospital team would much rather he came in only if specifically called. He put a huge amount of time into keeping his medical knowledge up-to-date, to such an extent that he always took a heavy medical tome on holiday with him, and, on arrival at the destination, the first thing he would do would be to sit down and read some of it. When the Brighton postgraduate medical centre opened, he was a regular attender at lectures, and made frequent use of its facilities.

Like a number of doctors, my father's bedside manner, and his responses to enquiries from relatives, might have been improved: I can recall one telephone conversation where he told a relative gruffly that his or her parent might have two weeks but this could not be guaranteed. This characteristic may have been inherited: his great uncle William Cayley, a consultant at the Middlesex Hospital from 1876 to 1904, was, according to Munk's Roll, "reticent to a fault and lacking in the bedside manner and the capacity for small talk that often contribute to popular success."[65] His handwriting was problematic, even for some of the local phramacists: I can remember more than one occasion when my mother was brought in by a local chemist to

[65] *Munk's Roll: Lives of the Fellows of the Royal College of Physicians of London 1826-1925*, pub. by the Royal College of Physicians, 1955.

help in the decipherment.[66]

At one point he was elected secretary of the local branch of the British Medical Association. His organisation of paperwork was chaotic, and my mother had to strive hard to help him keep things in order. But volunteers to take over were not forthcoming and it was several years before he was able to hand this responsibility on.

For most of my childhood, he made little time for interests outside work. He would play – not very successfully – the occasional round of golf. He would stumble through Bach preludes and fugues on the piano. In my early teens a pianist called Jean Cochrane would attempt duets with him and they would fight their way through Fauré's *Dolly* suite. She was a buxom redhead whom my mother suspected of having designs on him. But father was not passionately musical: in my teens we started going to the subscription concerts at the Dome in Brighton, and he would usually fall asleep and have to be kicked when he started to snore. He would occasionally go sailing with his cousin John Ford[67], who lodged with my aunt Frances at Ealing and for some years had an Icelandic sweetheart called Gutelweg who lived in Akureyri and presented the news or weather on Icelandic TV. John Ford owned a fibreglass yacht which was kept at Shoreham-by-Sea, and had a predeliction for thick doorstep sandwiches. Once or twice a year my father would drag my mother to see a saucy French film at the Continental Cinema in Kemp Town, Brighton, from which my mother would return and say that she had been thoroughly bored while my father looked slightly sheepish. Once a year he would walk across the Downs from home to a pub at Poynings called the Shepherd and Dog.

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[66] A characteristic inherited by my elder brother Charles. When I was an undergraduate at Oxford, Charles once sent me a postcard to announce that he intended to visit. I could decipher neither the day of the week nor the date he had in mind.

[67] John Hugo Ford (22 May 1913-29 Mar 1987). A mathematician who worked for aircraft manufacturers. He was also a keen member of the British Interplanetary Society.

Most holidays were spent at Salcombe, where my mother's old nanny, Nellie Field, had settled and married a fisherman, John, who helped out on the lifeboat and died when I was about five. Father would usually spend a day walking along the cliffs between Bolt Head and Bolt Tail: I, with a bad fear of heights, would not join him. One year I got caught in some unmarked quicksand at Slapton Sands and he had to pull me out. Another year, he was driving along a narrow Devon lane and reversed into a field to turn round, only to get stuck in wet mud: he had to ask the farmer to come with a tractor to pull us out. Our cousins the Bullocks often holidayed there too: the daughter, Kate, used to go about everywhere barefoot. One year we went to the Lake District and my father's car got stuck going up one of the passes and we had to turn round, with excruciating slowness and difficulty, on a narrow road with a steep drop on one side while the traffic in both directions built up. We went twice to Pitlochry in Perthshire, partly for the theatrical festival, and would climb up the local – not very high – mountain, Ben Vrackie. On one of these Scottish holidays we were driving to Loch Ness and gave a lift to a hitchiker: we must have had an estate car at the time, and the only space was behind the back seat: the young man spent an uncomfortable couple of hours there.

In my later childhood, my father took up two activities outside work. One was that he become a lay reader at his church, St Philip's, in Hove, where he did his share of parish visiting and preached sermons which were above the heads of most of the small elderly congregation (though only my mother had the temerity to tell him so). The second was an allotment (a second allotment was later added), to which he could go in the early morning: periodically the allotment association would send him a letter asking him to try and keep the weeds under more control. One year a windspout passed over the allotments and his greenhouse took flight and crash-landed.

My father delayed retirement as long as he possibly could. When he had to step down from his post at Bevendean, he worked as a locum for some years, often doing longer hours than before his retirement. Gradually his locum work dwindled. As my

mother became more unfit, being with her became more and more the object of his life, and following her death in October 1997 his life lost much of its purpose. In June 1999 he had a minor accident with his car and decided that he no longer wished to look after himself: he put himself into a residential home at the end of Wish Road, Hove, which was owned by a former patient, Mr Abdullah, who always said that father had saved his life. In the summer of 2000 he moved to a nursing home in Thames Ditton, Surrey.

GENEALOGICAL APPENDICES

(Persons mentioned in the text are indicated in bold. Numbers are generation numbers)

Selected list of descendants of Edward Cayley (1782-1866)

1-**Edward Cayley** (12 Aug 1782-10 Apr 1868)
sp: **Frances Twopeny** (1796-1 Jun 1851)

2-Sir Richard Cayley MA, JP (22 Apr 1833-5 Apr 1908), chief justice of Ceylon 1879-1883
sp: Sophia Margaret Wilson (-25 Jun 1921)

3-Hugh Charles Cayley (6 Aug 1869-10 Apr 1945)
sp: Anne Beatrice Cowley Wilkins (-25 Dec 1951)

4-**Captain Richard Wilkins Cayley** (5 Apr 1902-1991)

2-Henry Cayley CMG, FRCS (20 Dec 1834-19 Mar 1904), who became honorary surgeon to King Edward VII after a distinguished career as a surgeon in the army, mainly in India.
sp: Letitia Mary Walters (-29 Apr 1920)

3-Rear-Admiral **Henry Priaulx Cayley** (29 Dec 1877-31 Dec 1942)

2-**Dr William Cayley** (14 Dec 1836-17 Dec 1916), consultant at Middlesex Hospital

2-**Arthur Cayley** (16 Apr 1840-10 Apr 1905)
sp: Caroline Ada Forde (11 May 1846-13 Apr 1927)

3-**Osbert Arthur Cayley** (15 Jun 1869-18 Aug 1947)
sp: **Dorothy Lewis** (10 Oct 1881-25 Jul 1942)

4-**Frances Dorothy Cayley** (23 Dec 1912-)
sp: Sydney A Yates (-4 May 1977)

4-**Dr Forde Everard de Wend Cayley** MBE (mil) 1946, MD,MRCP (1 Nov 1915-)
sp: **Eileen Lilian Dalton** (9 May 1916-12 Oct 1997)

5-**Dr Arthur Charles Digby Cayley** (Charles, 8 Nov 1946-)

5-**Michael Forde Cayley** (26 February 1950-)

Selected List of Descendants of John Forde (1768-1839)

1-Lt-Col John Forde (23 Feb 1768-14 Apr 1839)
sp: Elizabeth Ingram (6 Dec 1770-22 Jul 1848)

2-Rev **Frederick Forde** (20 Jun 1801-1881)
sp: **Ann Twemlow** (12 May 1812-1888)

3-John Ford (20 Mar 1837-27 Jun 1908)
sp: Elizabeth Fisher Knowles (bef 1852-)

4-John Everard Hugo Ford (14 Dec 1873-1944)
sp: Emily Barbara Warren-Jones (-1944)

5-**John Hugo Ford** (22 May 1913-29 Mar 1987) who lodged with Frances Yates née Cayley

3-**Eleanor Anne Forde** (14 Jan 1845-27 Jul 1928)
sp: John Francis Bulley (27 Jul 1842-11 Jun 1897)

4-**John Ivo Bulley** (13 Aug 1881-4 Jan 1956), headmaster of St Edmunds
sp: Margaret Rosamira Morgan-Brown (22 Sep 1887-)

3-Caroline Ada Forde (11 May 1846-13 Apr 1927)
sp: **Arthur Cayley** (16 Apr 1840-10 Apr 1905)

4-**Osbert Arthur Cayley** (15 Jun 1869-18 Aug 1947)
sp: **Dorothy Lewis** (10 Oct 1881-25 Jul 1942)

5-**Frances Dorothy Cayley** (23 Dec 1912-)
sp: Sydney A Yates (-4 May 1977)

5-**Dr Forde Everard de Wend Cayley** MBE (mil) 1946,
MD,MRCP (1 Nov 1915-)
sp: **Eileen Lilian Dalton** (9 May 1916-12 Oct 1997)

6-**Dr Arthur Charles Digby Cayley** (Charles, 8 Nov 1946-)

6-**Michael Forde Cayley** (26 February 1950-)

4- **Georgiana Mary Forde** (Georgie, 25 July 1849-1923)

2-Henry Forde (8 Dec 1814-)
sp: Julia Marriott (bef 1831-)
3-Julia Ford (bef 1846-)
sp: Richard Capper (bef 1846-)
4-Mabel Capper (bef 1920-)
sp: George Bullock (bef 1920-)
5-**John Bullock** (-bef 1998)
sp: Doreen Mullins
6-**Kathleen Bullock** (Kate)

Note: the Forde family varied the spelling of their surname, some having an “e” at the end, and some not.

Selected Descendants of the Rev George Herbert Lewis

1-**Rev George Herbert Lewis** (bef 1864-)
sp: **Frances Cayley de Wend** (aft 1841-1919)
2-**Dorothy Lewis** (10 Oct 1881-25 Jul 1942)
sp: **Osbert Arthur Cayley** (15 Jun 1869-18 Aug 1947)
3-**Frances Dorothy Cayley** (23 Dec 1912-)
sp: Sydney A Yates (-4 May 1977)
3-**Dr Forde Everard de Wend Cayley** MBE (mil) 1946, MD,MRCP
(1 Nov 1915-)
sp: **Eileen Lilian Dalton** (9 May 1916-12 Oct 1997)
4-**Dr Arthur Charles Digby Cayley** (8 Nov 1946-)
4-**Michael Forde Cayley** (26 Feb 1950-)
2-**Mildred Lewis** (1 Sep 1887-)
sp: **Ernest Keith Gaskell** (bef 1900-)
3-**Frances Mary Caroline Gaskell** (1 Mar 1916-)
3-**William George Keith Gaskell** (17 Nov 1917-)

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